



THE TENTH DOCTOR ADVENTURES
1.1 TECHNOPHOBIA
BY MATT FITTON

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

THE DOCTOR: DAVID TENNANT

DONNA NOBLE: CATHERINE TATE

BEX:

(F) Super temp, would-be traveller.

JILL MEADOW/SILVI:

(F) IT supremo/Computer tablet interface.

BRIAN/SUPERVISOR LOBO:

(M) Tech geek/ Know-all alien Koggnossenti Leader.

KEVIN/TERRY:

(M) Hunky TFL driver/ Jill's IT staff (2 scenes on phone)

LUKAS/SCIENCE OVERSEER KRAN:

(M) Lithuanian cleaner/ Fussy Koggnossenti Scientist.

Others:

INTERVIEWER/NEWSREADER

LONDONERS/KOGGNOSENTI

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1. INT. TECHNOLOGY MUSEUM, OFFICE

JILL STRIDES IN, CHECKING COMPUTER TABLET.

SILVI:

(FX) You have fifteen new emails. Three new voicemails.

JILL:

I know... I know.

TERRY:

(VIA PHONE) Are you at that Museum thing all day, Jill?

JILL:

Yes. They've given me an office. No-one else about though.

TERRY:

(VIA PHONE) Only, we could do with more hands at base- (CUT OFF BY BEEPING ALERT)

SILVI:

(FX) Reminder, Jill Meadow. Call waiting.

JILL:

Terry, I'll get back to you. I've got the interview on the other line. Could you retweet that press release? My app stopped working.

TERRY:

(VIA PHONE) Will do!

SILVI:

(FX) Call ended.

JILL:

Silvi. Line two. Camera on.

SILVI:

(FX) Videoconference active.

INTERVIEWER:

(VIA SCREEN) Ah! There you are Miss Meadow!

JILL:

(SITTING, SETTING TABLET ON DESK) Here OK? A bit of skyline through the window? I'll adjust the light-levels.

INTERVIEWER:

(VIA SCREEN) Perfect. You must give me lessons. This morning I couldn't- (BREAKS OFF) Oh. Back from commercials in three... two... one. (BEAT, MUSIC IDENT IN B/G, THEN TO VIEWERS) Welcome back! Now if I say M-Pad, you think Meadow Digital. And when you think Meadow Digital, you think of the youngest female C.E.O. in Britain. A big hello to Jill Meadow! Live, via one of her own M-Pads, from the top floor of London's Technology Museum.

JILL:

Hello everyone.

SILVI:

(FX) I do not understand this input.

INTERVIEWER:

(VIA SCREEN) Hello Jill? Are you there?

BEEP OF DATAPAD

JILL:

(TAPPING SCREEN) Yes! Sorry about that. Let's get started, shall we?

2. INT. TECHNOLOGY MUSEUM, FOYER

ELECTRONIC EXIT SWISHES OPEN. PEOPLE HURRIEDLY EXIT.

BEX:

(CALLING) Thanks for visiting the Technology Museum! Come back-[soon]. Oh.

JILL:

(ON-SCREEN, OFF) That's why I'm sponsoring this exhibition. A history of the digital age, with an eye on the future.

INTERVIEWER:

(ON-SCREEN, OFF) Let's see what's on show.

PROMO MUZAK CONTINUES UNDER. DONNA SWISHES IN CARRYING SHOPPING BAGS, DOORS CLOSE ON HER.

DONNA:

(JUST OFF) Watch it! Took out three pedestrians on Oxford Street with this lot. Coming through!

BEX:

(HURRYING OVER) Here. You have to press the-

BEX PRESSES PAD, DOORS SWISH OPEN.

DONNA:

(ENTERING) Thanks. Someone should look at those doors.

BEX:

Yeah. Tech Museum! You'd think they'd get the basics right. That's quite a haul. Planning on squeezing a new M-Pad into one of those bags?

DONNA:

(LUGGING BAGS) No, just meeting someone. I can fix a printer jam, run a slideshow, delete my boss's internet history, but those touchy-swipey screens leave me cold.

BEX:

(CROSSING FOYER) To be honest — me too. Put your shopping down. Fancy a coffee? It's free.

DONNA:

(FOLLOWING, PUTS BAGS DOWN) Lovely. Frothy as you like.

HISSES, GURGLES AS BEX USES COFFEE MACHINE.

DONNA:

Gadgets R Us reception. Not exactly your dream job then?

BEX:

Just got back from three months backpacking Europe. Now I've got to pay for it! When the agency called this morning, it was (WITH DONNA) all they had.

DONNA:

(JOINS IN) ...all they had. Been there. Done that. At least you get your own badge. 'Bex'.

BEX:

Rebecca Young. Islington Angels. Special skills: promo and front-of-house. Trouble is... not that interested in either.

DONNA:

Donna Noble. Chiswick Cherubs. Tooting Temps. And Wimbledon Wonders. Fastest shorthand in the west. Don't worry, you'll find something that sticks. Eventually. I did. You on your own?

BEX:

Yeah. Else I'd have bailed by now. Lucky for me it's not been too busy. (HANDS DONNA COFFEE) And, you know, free coffee.

DONNA:

Thanks. (SIPS) How are the punters?

BEX:

Techy types. Trying too hard. (CLOSE) You know. Like him.

DONNA:

Oh yeah. The skinny one in the suit and tie.

BEX:

(CLOSE) He'd be a bit of all right if it weren't for the-[hair] (BREAKS OFF) Shh, he's coming over.

DOCTOR:

(APPROACHING) Hello Donna! Been waiting long?

DONNA:

Just got here.

DOCTOR:

Look at this! They're giving away dongles. Sparkly dongles! I do like a nice dongle. You can never have too many dongles.

DONNA:

Doctor. Stop saying 'dongle'.

BEX:

Sorry. Are you two-?

DONNA:

No! No. I help him... (SOTTO) you know, 'in the community'. (TO DOCTOR) Right, is your inner nerd happy now? OD-ed on IT?

DOCTOR:

Who's your friend? Ah. Hello, Bex with an X. I'm the Doctor.

BEX:

Hiya. Fancy test-driving the M-Pad? (HANDS OVER TABLET)

DOCTOR:

Don't mind if I do. Aww. Will you look at that! (TAPS SCREEN)

SILVI:

(FX) I am Silvi. How can I help you today?

DOCTOR:

It talks! Love it when they talk! Hello Silvi.

SILVI:

(FX) Hello 'username'.

DOCTOR:

Could do with a bit of a tweak. Let's see... (USES SONIC)

BEX:

Erm. You're probably not supposed to-

DOCTOR:

(STOPS) Yeah... Best let Jill Meadow invent her own patches. This M-Pad's a massive leap in user-friendly tech. Meadow Digital's ahead of the game on chipsets. Quadruple core nano-circuits, in a sleek, sexy designer package. Ultrathin, look!

DONNA:

You're talking. But it's all geek to me. (BEAT) Can we go?

DOCTOR:

I suppose.

PANICKED CRIES AS PEOPLE RUN FROM EXHIBITION HALL. ROBOTIC WHIRRING AND CRASHING IN HALL, OFF.

BRIAN:

(OFF) Aargh! Help me!

DOCTOR:

Then again... (FIRES UP SONIC, RUNNING OFF) Donna! We're on!

CRASH IN OPENING THEME

3. INT. OFFICE

INTERVIEWER:

(VIA SCREEN) So Jill. People are saying modern technology's become too complicated to actually use. Do you think they have a point?

JILL:

It's simpler than you think. We designed Silvi to be intuitive.

INTERVIEWER:

(VIA SCREEN) 'Silvi'. Let me get this right: 'Simulated Intelligence Live Vocal Interaction'?

JILL:

'Voice Interface'. But your acronym works too! (LAUGHS)

INTERVIEWER:

(VIA SCREEN) (LAUGHS WITH HER) You're not worried about the reviews? Our viewer panel couldn't work the scroll-bar. I've got to admit I've not set up my email yet.

JILL:

If you get stuck — ask your kids! Seriously, new technology takes a little practice.

INTERVIEWER:

(VIA SCREEN) We'll take your word for that!

JILL:

Or — you can ask me. I'm here all afternoon at the London Technology Museum to answer questions.

INTERVIEWER:

(VIA SCREEN) Are you concerned? Attendance has been lower than expected.

JILL:

I'd say to everyone, come along. Don't be scared. You can really have fun with technology.

4. INT. TECHNOLOGY MUSEUM, EXHIBITION HALL

ROBOT ARMS WHIRRING AND SPINNING MADLY, HISS OF SPRAYING PAINT.
BRIAN FLAILING.

BRIAN:

(STRUGGLING) Get them off! Get them off me!

DOCTOR RUNS OVER, FOLLOWED BY DONNA AND BEX. SONIC BUZZ.

DOCTOR:

(USING SONIC, DODGING ROBOT ARMS THROUGH) Won't be a tick.

DONNA:

What are they doing to him?

DOCTOR:

Coating of... 'cornflower blue' from the look of it.

DONNA:

You what?

ROBOT ARMS SHUT DOWN ONE BY ONE.

DOCTOR:

Painting robots. Computer art. Bit impressionistic for my taste. Still, gives half the stuff in the Evanescence Gallery on Terileptus Nine a run for its money.

BRIAN:

(STRUGGLING) Help me, please!

LAST ROBOT ARM STOPS.

DOCTOR:

Easy tiger... There. No damage?

BRIAN:

(GETTING UP) No. No, I don't think so..

DOCTOR:

(EXAMINING ROBOTS) I can see you're all right. But these mechanisms are very delicate.

BRIAN:

(STROPPY) Thank you for your concern.

DONNA:

Don't mind him. What's your name?

BRIAN:

Brian.

BEX ENTERS HALL.

BEX:

(APPROACHING) What happened? I tried security, no-one answered.

DONNA:

I'm Donna, and that's the Doctor. So Brian. How did you annoy metal Michelangelo?

BEX:

Yeah, what did you press?

BRIAN:

I didn't! I mean, I leaned in for a better look, then they came after me!

DOCTOR:

Well, the good news is, your exhibit's fine.

BRIAN:

See! I didn't do anything! I should sue.

DONNA:

Cool your jets, Bri. There's a comfy chair in reception. Bex, can you make him a coffee?

BEX:

Sure. It's weird. All day people have been spooked. Like the machines are creeping them out. Almost like..

DOCTOR:

Go on?

BEX:

Like they were expecting this.

BRIAN:

See. Not my fault.

BEX:

Come on. Let's get you that coffee. (LEADS BRIAN OUT)

DOCTOR USES SONIC. PAINTING ROBOTS START WORKING AGAIN.

DONNA:

Doctor? You coming?

DOCTOR:

Good as new. Give it ten minutes, they'll knock up another dozen landscapes. You see, the beauty of robots is they only ever do what they're told to do.

DONNA:

Skivvies that'll do as they're told - with an off-switch. Dream come true for most blokes.

DOCTOR:

(WANDERING OFF) Oi. Some of my best friends have been robots.
(BEAT) And blokes.

DONNA:

Again, why am I not surprised? (BEAT) Doctor?

DOCTOR:

(WALKING THROUGH HALL) Don't mind me. Think I'll just take another peruse..

5. INT. OFFICE

INTERVIEWER:

(VIA SCREEN) Well it just remains (STUTTERING CONNECTION) [for me to say]-

SILVI:

(FX) Connection lost.

JILL:

(TUTTING) Oh no.

SILVI:

(FX) Connection active. Call waiting.

JILL:

(CONFUSED) Erm... what? Hello?

INTERVIEWER:

(VIA SCREEN) I said thank you. Miss Meadow? (BEAT) Miss Meadow?

JILL:

Yes. Sorry. I'm just a bit... Sorry, it's been a busy day.

INTERVIEWER:

(VIA SCREEN) We're still on air.

SILVI:

Call ended. You have eight new emails. Two new voicemails.

JILL:

What? Silvi!

SILVI:

(FX) Yes, Jill Meadow.

JILL:

I didn't- (SIGH) Call Meadow Digital. Terry Webb's office.

SILVI:

(FX) I do not understand this input.

JILL:

What's wrong with you?

6. INT. TECHNOLOGY MUSEUM, EXHIBITION HALL

DONNA AND DOCTOR WALK AROUND WHIRRING, BEEPING TECH EXHIBITS.

DONNA:

And you've been here all morning... Does the fun never start?

VEGETABLE-DICING ROBOTS.

DOCTOR:

Look! Those machines are chopping veg while calculating pi to an infinite number of decimal places.

DONNA:

My point proven, I think. (BEAT) Pi and chips, eh? Geddit?

DOCTOR:

(DISAPPROVING) Donna. (MOVING ON) Ah, you'll like this one. Reads and copies human facial expressions. Go on. Give it a smile.

ROBOT VOICE (M):

(FX) You are feeling... angry.

WHIRRING ROBOT PARTS.

DONNA:

I've dated worse.

NEARING PING-PONG-PLAYING ROBOTS.

DONNA:

Is that ping-pong? All right. I admit, robots playing ping-pong - that's worth seeing.

DOCTOR:

Yeah. Very nifty with the bats. Another hundred years and they'll have their own Olympics. (CATCHES BALL) Our Brian's lucky he didn't fall foul of these two. And over there, computers building computers.

SOLDERING AND CLICKING OF ASSEMBLY MACHINES. DOCTOR DROPS PING-PONG BALL AND ROBOTS PLAY ON. THEY WALK AWAY FROM EXHIBITS TOWARDS DOORS.

DONNA:

But there's nothing wrong with them, right? They're not about to take over the world? We're not gonna see a knitting Terminator marching on Parliament?

DOCTOR:

Nope. All perfectly harmless and doing what they're told.

DONNA:

So there's no mystery. Brian got too close. Couldn't resist a fiddle.

DOCTOR:

He did seem very sure they attacked him.

DONNA:

But it's just... stuff. In a museum.

DOCTOR:

You'd be surprised how much trouble 'stuff in a museum' can cause. All morning, I've had the strangest feeling. Niggling away at the back of my head. Something.. wrong. Can't you feel it?

DONNA:

Yeah, well. Two years into the future for me. Bound to feel a bit weird. Don't worry, I've been good. Time travel responsibly. No phoning. No sneaky peek at any autumn collections. Or the lottery. Can't help noticing there's been another Royal Wedding. Gramps'll be made up. You can tell it's the future: all the films are in 3D. (REALISING) Yeah, there's a Justin Bieber film. In 3D! Is that kind of wrong?

DOCTOR:

No. Something even more wrong than that. (SNIFFS) Something in the air.

DONNA:

The new Katie Price. All right. I might have nipped to Henriks.

DOCTOR:

It's too quiet. Normally you lot can't wait for the next gadget, the next shiny toy.

DONNA:

Hark at you – you were all 'sexy designer package' just now.

DOCTOR:

That's different. I'm appreciating a developing culture.

DONNA:

Go on. Patronise us a bit more, why don't you.

DOCTOR:

Donna...

DONNA:

I don't see it myself. Boys and their toys.

DOCTOR:

Jill Meadow's definitely not a boy. And she's an I.T. wiz.

DONNA:

Even so, maybe everyone just gets a bit bored with it all in the future?

DOCTOR:

Bored? No, you heard what Bex said, it's more like everyone's afraid. (BEAT) Haven't you noticed, Donna? As of five minutes ago, we're the only visitors this Museum's got.

7. INT. OFFICE

RINGING TONE.

SILVI:

(FX) Incoming call.

TERRY:

(VIA SCREEN) Jill. I got your text.

JILL:

Terry? Thanks. I can't seem to call out.

TERRY:

(VIA SCREEN) We're getting a few reports of that. Must be the networks.

JILL:

Yes, I suppose it must.

TERRY:

(VIA SCREEN) Good job on TV just now. Went a bit weird at the end. We can always blame the studio link!

JILL:

Thanks. Did you work out the glitching on Silvi's interface?

TERRY:

(VIA SCREEN) Tricky. We're short-handed. And those who are here... well, they seem to be having an off-day.

JILL:

I've run some diagnostics myself. I'll attach the error report.
(TAPS SCREEN)

SILVI:

(FX) Call ended.

JILL:

Dammit.

SILVI:

(FX) Please enter password.

JILL:

What?

SILVI:

(FX) I do not understand this input.

JILL:

User. Jill Meadow. Password. Brighton eighty-eight.

SILVI:

(FX) I do not understand this input.

JILL TAPS SCREEN

JILL:

(SIGHS) Voice recognition's broken. Don't make me hook you up to a keyboard, Silvi...

VACUUM CLEANER STARTS IN CORRIDOR.

SILVI:

(FX) I do not understand this input.

JILL GOES TO DOOR.

JILL:

Excuse me! (LOUDER) Excuse me!

VACUUM CLEANER TURNED OFF.

LUKAS:

(OFF) Yes?

JILL:

Could you do that later?

LUKAS:

Sorry. Yes madam. I'm so sorry.

JILL RETURNS TO DESK.

SILVI:

(FX) Awaiting input.

JILL:

(FAZED) What? What was I...?

SILVI:

(FX, DEEPER) We are the Koggnossenti. You know nothing.

JILL:

(BEAT) What? Who's there?

SILVI:

(FX) Awaiting input.

8. INT. TECHNOLOGY MUSEUM, FOYER

COFFEE MACHINE MAKES WRONG NOISES. DOCTOR AND DONNA ENTER.

DOCTOR:

Ooh. Sounds nasty. Froth-accino machine playing up?

BEX:

(FIDDLING WITH COFFEE MACHINE) Sorry. There's something wrong with the- spouty thing.

BRIAN:

Don't trouble yourself. I didn't ask for one.

DONNA:

(APPROACHING) Here. There's a knack. (OPERATES COFFEE MACHINE UNDER FOLLOWING)

DOCTOR:

Donna Noble, barista! Is there no end to your talents? Now... Bex with an X?

BEX:

Yeah?

DOCTOR:

Just now, you said people were spooked.

BEX:

Yeah. And feeling sick. Too much screen-time, I reckon. Probably haven't been outside their mum's basement for weeks. (BEAT) No offence.

DOCTOR:

None taken. (PICKING UP TABLET AND TAPPING IT) This new tablet, this M-Pad. Selling well, is it?

SILVI:

(FX) I am Silvi. How can I help you today?

BRIAN:

It launched this week. Record pre-orders. I camped out on Oxford Street. (BEAT) I realise now, I played right into its hands.

BEX:

You... what?

DOCTOR:

(SUSPICIOUS) Here. Have a go, Brian. Show me how it works.

SILVI:

(FX) What is your question?

BRIAN:

(WARY) No. I'd... rather not.

BEX:

They're saying it's too complicated. You need a degree to turn it on. I'm happy with my second-hand pay-as-you-go. I told Donna. I'm no techie.

DOCTOR:

Technology's supposed to make your life easier. Meadow Digital's all about things being simple. User-friendly. Unthreatening.

DONNA:

(HANDING CUPS OUT) Here. Coffees. Easy when you know how.

DOCTOR:

Where's mine?

DONNA:

You? You're the last person I'd give caffeine. (TO DATAPAD) Oi Silvi, search ADHD. I bet his picture comes up.

SILVI:

(FX) I do not understand this input.

BRIAN:

(AGITATED) Don't trust it! It's listening in, laughing at us.

DONNA:

Brian?

BRIAN:

(PANICKING) We've got to stop it. Somehow... turn everything off!

DOCTOR:

Brian? Easy now. (ACTIVATING SONIC) Watch the blue light. Nice and calm. Nice... and... calm.

LIFT APPROACHES. LUKAS SCREAMING WITHIN, FAINT AT FIRST, GETTING CLOSER THROUGH FOLLOWING.

DONNA:

Doctor?

DOCTOR:

One second Donna.

DONNA:

Only, the lift's coming down.

DOCTOR:

It's a tall building. People don't use the stairs half as much as they—(BREAKS OFF)

SONIC OFF. LUKAS' CRIES CLEARER AS LIFT APPROACHES.

DOCTOR:

—should. (BEAT) Bex. Who else is here?

BEX:

I don't know. I couldn't find security.

DONNA:

Floor two. It's stopped.

SCREAMS SUBSIDE THEN RESTART AS LIFT MOVES AGAIN.

BEX:

It's moving again.

DOCTOR:

You lot. Behind the reception desk.

DONNA:

No. I'm sticking with you.

BEX:

Me too.

BRIAN:

(JUST OFF) Anyone mind if I hide behind the desk?

DONNA:

(CALLING) Knock yourself out, Bri. (CLOSE) Doctor, what do you reckon it is?

DOCTOR:

No idea. And for once, that's not making me happy...

9. INT. LIFT

LIFT DESCENDING, ANNOUNCING EACH FLOOR.

LUKAS:

(TERRIFIED CRIES) This is not right... This is... Aaargh!

LIFT STOPS.

LIFT:

First floor. Doors opening.

DOORS OPEN.

LUKAS:

(TERRIFIED WHISPER) Who is that? Who's there?

LIFT:

Going down. Mind the doors. Doors closing.

DOORS CLOSE.

LUKAS:

(CRIES AGAIN) Aagh! Not again. The ground... where is it going?!

LUKAS:

Help me... Someone... help me!

LIFT STOPS.

LIFT:

Ground floor. Doors opening.

CROSS TO:

10. INT. TECHNOLOGY MUSEUM, CORRIDOR (CONTINUOUS)

LIFT DOORS OPEN.

LUKAS:

Help me! Please!

DOCTOR:

Get him clear!

DONNA AND DOCTOR HELP DRAG LUKAS OUT.

DONNA:

We've got you.

BEX:

It's the cleaner. Lukas, isn't it?

LUKAS:

(DELIRIOUS) Save me... please.

DOCTOR:

Look after him.

LUKAS:

Don't go in there! (WHIMPERS)

DOCTOR GOES INTO LIFT.

LIFT:

Mind the doors. Doors closing.

DOORS CLOSE.

DONNA:

What's in there? (CALLING) Doctor!

LIFT:

(MUFFLED) Doors opening.

LIFT DOORS OPEN.

DOCTOR:

Nothing. It's empty.

LUKAS:

It's wrong...

DONNA:

Maybe he... just doesn't like lifts?

BEX:

He had a coffee this morning and went up in it fine.

DOCTOR JUMPS UP AND DOWN IN LIFT.

DOCTOR:

Normal, everyday lift. Nothing wrong with it. Just like those robots. Just like the coffee machine.

BEX:

The coffee machine?

DOCTOR:

(EXITING LIFT) Nothing out of the ordinary at all. Mysterious-er and mysterious-er.

LUKAS:

Baubas... Baubas...

BEX:

What's he saying?

DOCTOR:

Lithuanian folklore. A Baubas is a... well, a bogeyman.

DONNA:

Look at me. Lukas, right? Calm down. Breathe.

LUKAS:

(CALMING) My grandmother always told us. Go to sleep or the Baubas will come for you.

DONNA:

Yeah, I bet that worked a treat.

LUKAS:

I never thought it would follow me here. To London.

DOCTOR:

Lukas? What did you actually see?

LUKAS:

Machines... machines that move. (BEAT) You do not believe me?

BEX:

It's like Brian. Those others. Scared of machines.

DONNA:

Wait a sec. Where is Brian?

11. INT. MUSEUM BASEMENT

BRIAN DESCENDS FIRE EXIT STAIRCASE, OFF. PUSHES OPEN DOOR INTO BASEMENT.

BRIAN:

Down here... somewhere...

WALKS ALONG.

BRIAN:

There must be a way to turn it off... Turn it all off.

STOPS AT A DOOR. TRIES HANDLE.

BRIAN:

(READING) 'Danger. High voltage.' Cut the power, they can't do anything. They can't get us.

BANGS AGAINST DOOR. TRIES HANDLE.

BRIAN:

Come on.

HEAVY STEPS, JUST OFF. BRIAN STOPS BANGING DOOR.

BRIAN:

Hello?

STEPS HALT.

BRIAN:

Is someone there?

STEPS CONTINUE.

BRIAN:

What... what are you?

KOGGNOSENTI:

We are the Koggno senti. You know nothing.

BRIAN:

Get away! Get away from me!

KOGGNOSENTI STEPS APPROACH. LOW BUZZING WEAPON.

BRIAN:

Aaagh!

12. EXT. LONDON

BUSY STREET, LONDON TRAFFIC. DOCTOR AND DONNA MEET ON PAVEMENT.

DONNA:

No sign of him that way. Bri's long gone. Maybe he felt better?

DOCTOR:

Last time I saw anyone that jumpy, they were standing on a supernova.

DONNA:

You what?

DOCTOR:

Long story. Involving several pairs of shoes.

DONNA:

Sometimes, I think you just make this stuff up.

DOCTOR:

Bottom line is... there's no way our Brian just strolled home.

CAR DOOR SLAMS. PEOPLE RUN OFF.

DONNA:

What's this? Park-where-you-like day?

CAR HORNS. CRIES OF ANNOYANCE. (Oi, You can't do that! Move it!)

DOCTOR:

If it is... not everyone got the memo.

DONNA:

Is this what happens in the future? Everyone turns stupid?

DOCTOR:

No Donna. That's not the future. It just seems to be today.

SHOP DOOR OPENS, ARGUMENT.

SHOPKEEPER:

(JUST OFF) Get back in here! You haven't paid!

CUSTOMER:

(JUST OFF) Keep that thing away from me! (RUNS OFF)

FOLLOW DOCTOR AND DONNA HURRYING OVER.

SHOPKEEPER:

(CALLING) Come back!

DONNA:

What is it? Have you been robbed?

SHOPKEEPER:

They wouldn't put their PIN number in the machine.

DONNA:

Why not?

SHOPKEEPER:

Dunno. Wouldn't touch it.

DOCTOR:

Here. Let me. (TAKING CARD-MACHINE, SONICS IT) Just a regular card-reader.

DONNA:

(JUST OFF) Doctor... Look.

DOCTOR:

But they left their credit card... why would they run off and-

TRAFFIC CHAOS AND ARGUMENTS ARE INCREASING.

DONNA:

Look around, Doctor. Look what's happening.

CROSS TO:

13. EXT. ACROSS STREET

MOBILE PHONE RINGS. PASSERBY PULLS IT FROM POCKET AND DROPS IT.

PASSERBY 1:

(CRY OF ALARM) What is it? What does it want?

ANOTHER PHONE MESSAGE ALERT.

PASSERBY 2:

It's on me! It's buzzing! Get it off! (RUNS AWAY)

OLD LADY PRESSING BUTTONS ON ATM MACHINE.

OLD LADY:

Oi. Give me my card back, you horrible machine! (HITS ATM MACHINE) You're stealing from me!

DONNA HURRIES OVER.

DONNA:

Hey. Calm down. You'll do yourself a mischief!

OLD LADY:

(SHOVES DONNA AWAY) Get off! You're in on it! (HURRYING OFF)
Leave me alone!

DONNA:

Oi. I'm trying to help! There's no need for-

DOCTOR:

(INTERRRUPTS) Donna. Leave her.

DONNA:

She was scared... of a cash machine. Everyone's terrified.

A CAR SHUNTS ANOTHER. HORNS AND CRIES OF ANNOYANCE ESCALATE.
PEOPLE RUNNING OFF.

DOCTOR:

Terrified? Or confused? Or both. I'd say it's both.

BEX:

(OFF) Doctor! Donna!

DONNA:

Bex!

BEX:

(RUNNING UP) Come quick. It's Brian!

14. INT. TECHNOLOGY MUSEUM, FOYER

DOCTOR AND DONNA FOLLOW BEX INSIDE.

DOCTOR:

Something really odd is happening. And you know what? I'm usually having more fun when something really odd's happening... But this is just... well, really odd. I don't like it.

DONNA:

You found Brian?

BEX:

After you left... We heard something.

LUKAS:

It was like a scream. From the basement.

DONNA:

Like a scream? You're not sure...

BEX:

We're sure.

LUKAS:

Then the... elevator came.

BEX:

And inside- (PRESSES LIFT BUTTON)

LIFT:

(MUFFLED) Doors opening.

LIFT DOORS OPEN.

DOCTOR:

Oh no. (DARTS INTO LIFT)

DONNA:

Brian.

DOCTOR:

(LIFTING BODY) Here. Help me get him out.

BEX:

It's no good. I checked already.

DOCTOR:

But I haven't. (SCANS WITH SONIC) No physical trauma... But... no brain activity. (STOPS SONIC) He's been... switched off. Like a machine.

DONNA:
Doctor.

DOCTOR:
Sorry. I'm sorry I didn't stop this.

LUKAS:
What has done this? It was the lift, no?

DOCTOR:
No.

RECEPTION DESK PHONE RINGS.

LUKAS & BEX:
GASP IN SHOCK.

DONNA:
Bex? Are you gonna get it?

BEX:
I... I don't want to touch it.

DOCTOR:
(GOES OVER) Let me. (PICKS UP PHONE) Hello?

JILL:
(VIA PHONE) Help me... Please.

DOCTOR:
Who is this?

JILL:
(VIA PHONE, QUIETLY TERRIFIED) Jill Meadow. Please. It's going to get me. I'm upstairs. Please help me.

HANGS UP.

DONNA:
Doctor?

DOCTOR:
(PUTTING PHONE DOWN) That was the Director of Meadow Digital.

BEX:
Of course. She's still here. She's doing a Q and A later this afternoon.

DOCTOR:
Not any more she's not. Where is she? She said 'upstairs'.

LUKAS:

I saw this lady on the poster. The end office, the fifth floor.

DOCTOR:

(CROSSING FOYER) Right. We need to stick together. No-one else wandering off.

LUKAS:

But there is a monster up there.

BEX:

What's he talking about? A monster?

DOCTOR:

Not sure, but I've a feeling it's not exactly what I'd call a monster. And I should know. I've met a few.

LUKAS:

Still... you do not believe?

DONNA:

Lukas? Come on. It'll be safer if we stay together.

DONNA, BEX AND LUKAS FOLLOW. DOCTOR PUSHES OPEN STAIRWELL DOOR.

DOCTOR:

Donna's right. This way. Dunno about you lot. But I'm happy to take the stairs.

15. INT. OFFICE

TABLET BEEPS.

SILVI:

(FX) I do not understand your input.

JILL:

(TERRIFIED WHISPER) What do you want?

SILVI:

(FX) I do not understand your input.

JILL:

Please... Tell me what you want.

SILVI:

(FX) I am Silvi. How can I help you today?

FOOTSTEPS IN CORRIDOR.

DONNA:

(OUTSIDE DOOR, BREATHLESS) Hurry up, you two. One thing with the Doctor. You always get a workout...

DOOR OPENS, DONNA AND DOCTOR ENTER.

JILL:

(CALLING OUT, SCARED) Who's there?

DOCTOR:

Hello. Jill?

JILL:

Yes...

DOCTOR:

(GENTLY) Oh, you're brilliant. (CROUCHING BY DESK) Donna, meet one of the finest minds in information technology. Leading the world into a digital age.

DONNA:

Doctor... she's hiding under a desk.

DOCTOR:

Hiding from her own invention. Come on... Jill. Take my hand. Come out, it's all right.

DOCTOR HELPS JILL OUT FROM UNDER DESK.

JILL:

It's there. It's waiting for me.

DONNA:

Does she mean the computer pad?

DOCTOR:

Looks like it. (PICKS UP M-PAD) What's gone wrong, Silvi?

SILVI:

(FX) I do not understand your input.

JILL:

Put it down. It's possessed! It's... evil!

16. INT CORRIDOR.

NEWS STING. FOOTAGE OF PANICKING CROWDS UNDER FOLLOWING. BEX AND LUKAS HURRY ALONG CORRIDOR. LUKAS STOPS, WATCHING TV ON WALL.

LUKAS:

Miss. Look. Look at this.

BEX:

Come on, Lukas. They went to the end office. You heard the Doctor. No wandering off.

LUKAS:

Little people... trapped inside a frame. My grandmother told me I'd see many strange things in London.

BEX:

It's a telly, Lukas. It's just... a telly. You must have tellies back home!

LUKAS:

Yes. Of course. Why does it suddenly seem so... strange?

BEX:

Like the lift. It's weird... What's going on out there?

NEWSREADER:

(ON-SCREEN) These are the scenes in central London, as drivers suddenly abandon their vehicles for no apparent reason.

ON-SCREEN: CARS STOPPING. PEOPLE GETTING OUT, ARGUING.

PEOPLE:

(ON-SCREEN) Get away! Stay away from them! The machines are moving! By themselves!

ON-SCREEN CRIES OF PANIC. RUNNING FOOTSTEPS.

NEWSREADER:

(ON-SCREEN) Police advise everyone to stay indoors until... until... (LOSING THREAD) police... advise... (WORRIED) Is anyone else seeing this? I... There are words. I see words appearing in front of me. Where are they coming from? (SCARED) Who's doing this?!

VOICES OFF-SCREEN IN STUDIO 'Cut' 'Cut transmission'

BEX:

What the...?

NEWSREADER:

(ON SCREEN) I don't know... I don't know what to do.

ON-SCREEN CONFUSION, CONTINUES UNDER FOLLOWING.

LUKAS:

There, trapped in the wall... He knows. That man knows it is wrong.

BEX:

He was reading the news, then he-

PICTURE CUT. FUZZY.

LUKAS:

Now a mist... a fog.

KOGGNOSENTI:

(VIA SCREEN) We are the Koggnossenti. You know nothing.

LUKAS:

(GASP) Baubas!

BEX:

What the hell was that? (EDGING AWAY, CALLING) Donna! Doctor!
Where are you?

BEX HURRIES OFF, LEAVING LUKAS.

LUKAS:

(WHISPER, TO SCREEN) There is a monster... I can prove it. I can wake it.

17. INT. OFFICE

CAR ALARM GOING OFF BELOW. RUNNING FOOTSTEPS.

BEX:

(ENTERING) It's all over the news. Mass hysteria.

DONNA:

(AT WINDOW) I can see from here. People leaving their cars, jumping off buses. Chucking their phones away. Running.

DOCTOR:

It's accelerated in the last hour. Reaching a critical mass.

BEX:

What's causing it, some kind of technology breakdown?

SILVI:

(FX) Unable to connect.

DOCTOR:

And now you've lost wifi.

DONNA:

Doctor, will you stop playing with that tablet and do something!

DOCTOR:

I don't get it. There's nothing wrong. Volume control's a bit fiddly, it could do with more USB slots, but it's just a computer. Nothing more.

JILL:

It's haunted. It's talking.

BEX:

Is that Jill Meadow? What's wrong with her?

DOCTOR:

Jill. It talks because you programmed it to talk. It's supposed to make it friendly. It's doing exactly what you designed it to do.

BEX:

I just saw someone with that look on TV. He suddenly forgot how it worked. Cameras, TV, autocue, everything. And it scared him.

DOCTOR:

It's starting to make sense. (BEAT) Donna. I think you're right.

DONNA:

Me? What did I say?

DOCTOR:

It's not the machines going wrong. It never was. It's the people.

VACUUM CLEANER SWITCHED ON IN CORRIDOR.

LUKAS:

(CALLING, OFF) Here! I have awoken it!

JILL & BEX:

CRIES OF ALARM

BEX:

What's that? It's horrible...

DONNA:

It's just a vacuum cleaner. (UNSURE) Isn't it, Doctor?

LUKAS:

(CRY OF FEAR, OFF) The monster roars!

DONNA:

Lukas! (RUSHES TO CORRIDOR)

DOCTOR:

Donna! So much for staying together. (HEADS FOR CORRIDOR) I say 'stay together' and no-one ever listens! (CALLING) Bex. Look after Jill.

18. INT. OFFICE

VACUUM CLEANER ONGOING, DRAGGED BY LUKAS INTO OFFICE.

LUKAS:

(RUNNING INTO OFFICE) Keep back. I had to wake it, to show you. Now it comes for me!

DONNA:

(RUNNING AFTER) You're tangled in the wires. You're pulling it!

LUKAS:

Get it away! Help me! Aaagh!

DONNA:

(RUNNING AFTER) Wait! Calm down!

DOCTOR:

(OFF, ALONG CORRIDOR) Donna!

LUKAS:

The Baubas has me! Aaagh!

LUKAS RUNS AND SMASHES THROUGH WINDOW.

LUKAS:

FALLING CRY OUTSIDE.

DONNA:

No! Lukas!

SCREAMS AND CAR HORNS OUTSIDE. PANICKING PEOPLE. VACUUM CLEANER ONGOING.

DOCTOR:

(RUSHING IN) Donna! Stay back! Don't move!

DONNA:

No... Why did he...?

DOCTOR:

Donna? Wait. Let me...

DOCTOR TURNS OFF VACUUM CLEANER.

DONNA:

I told him he'd be safe. If he came with us, he'd be safe.

DOCTOR:

That's it. No more. (BEAT) No. More. Whatever's going on here, it stops now.

19. INT. UNDERGROUND BASE

B/G RUMBLING TRAINS. WHIRRING, BEEPING TECHNOLOGY. REPORT CHATTERING ONSCREEN.

KRAN:

(FX) Data from agents at all key sites. The primary phase shows eighty-nine percent efficiency. Direct application to the human brains has proven fatal. It is not a recommended method.

LOBO:

(FX) Not if we wish to keep a slave population. Thank you Overseer Kran.

KRAN:

(FX) Our test signals indicate human communications will be simple to assimilate under Koggnossenti control.

LOBO:

(FX) Once they lose their own ability to control them.

KRAN:

(FX) Technology competence levels ten through four currently incapacitated in eighty one percent of subjects. Depending on individual brain function, the shutdown program takes several hours run.

LOBO:

(FX) Then it is simply a matter of time. Any resistance?

KRAN:

(FX) Less than three percent. Some live samples would help me refine the process closer to complete efficiency.

LOBO:

(FX) Proceed. Increase the signal. Reduce all responsive subjects to competence level zero.

KRAN:

(FX) Yes, Supervisor Lobo. (ACTIVATES CONTROLS)

RUMBLING TRAINS LOUDER. LOBO PRESSES ALERT.

LOBO:

(FX, PSYCHIC TRANSMISSION) Psionic transmission to all Koggnossenti. Pay attention. This is your Supervisor. Track human lifesigns. Collect more samples. Use their underground channels. Then return to control. We must be ready to take charge of this world.

20. INT. TECHNOLOGY MUSEUM FOYER

BEX AND DOCTOR HELP JILL TO SOFA. STATIC ON TV SCREEN. DONNA TRIES CHANGING CHANNELS.

JILL:

It's no good. We can't run. We can't hide.

DOCTOR:

No. But you can sit. Jill, can you hear me? Get some rest.

DONNA:

(TRYING REMOTE) Telly's stopped working. Every channel.

JILL:

We... know nothing.

DOCTOR PRESSES DOOR CONTROL. EXIT DOORS SWISH OPEN.

DOCTOR:

Look outside. Everyone's gone. Home or in hiding. Where do you run when you think every bit of tech is out to get you?

DONNA:

People are dying, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

I know!

BEX:

Poor Lukas. (PULLS OUT PHONE AND DIALS) I should call gran.

DONNA:

Bex?

BEEPING 'NETWORK BUSY' TONE.

BEX:

Network down. Right.

BEX HEADS TO EXIT. DONNA STEPS IN FRONT.

DONNA:

Bex, you should stay with us.

BEX:

My nan's on her own. I should have gone when this started.

DOCTOR:

But you wanted to help, Bex, didn't you? You wanted to help figure this out. And you know what, I think you still can.

BEX:

No... I'm done with it. What can I do? I'm just a temp!

DONNA:

She can go Doctor... can't she?

DOCTOR:

Donna Noble. Bex with an X. The machines aren't freaking you out. Not yet. Not like everyone else. What have you got in common? Where have you been?

DONNA:

What are you talking about? I've been travelling with you. And Bex... Oh...

BEX:

I just came back from abroad. Couple of days ago.

DOCTOR:

Exposure. I'm guessing whatever caused this, it needed long-term exposure.

BEX:

Guessing?

DOCTOR:

I'm a very good guesser.

DONNA:

So we're OK for a while? Right. Where's your nan's house?

BEX:

Ten minutes on the tube. Twenty minute walk.

DONNA:

That's it then. There and back in no time.

BEX:

No, I just need to get there. My gran-

DONNA:

And I'll make sure you do.

DOCTOR:

One hour, Donna. No more. It's not hit you yet, but you don't want to be stuck out there when it does. Look after each other. Any trouble... you get the slightest twinge at a pelican crossing, anything at all - you turn round and come straight back here.

DONNA AND BEX OPEN EXIT DOORS.

DONNA:

(CALLING BACK) We'll be fine, Doctor. Temps united!

DOORS SWISH CLOSED.

DOCTOR:

Right, Jill Meadow. Let's see what's really wrong with you.

JILL:

Me? No, it's that... that... thing.

SILVI:

(FX) Awaiting input.

SONIC BUZZ.

DOCTOR:

You can keep quiet for a start.

JILL:

(WHISPER, TERRIFIED) It's too late. Don't you see? Too late for everyone!

21. EXT. OUTSIDE UNDERGROUND STATION

DONNA AND BEX HURRY THROUGH STREET. RUMBLE OF TRAINS BELOW.

BEX:

What do you reckon? Everywhere's deserted.

DONNA:

It's like the Doctor said. People are confused, but the actual machines are fine.

BEX:

You and me. How long before... you know, we start to turn like everyone else?

DONNA:

Long enough to make sure your gran's safe. Then... well, the Doctor will have it sorted by then.

BEX:

You think?

DONNA:

I know.

BEX:

What about you? Is there anyone you want to check on?

DONNA:

(BEAT) They'll be fine. Mum shouting at the toaster, that's nothing new. And Gramps... he'll be busy looking after her. Like always. (STOPPING) Here we are. Tube station. Worth a look?

BEX:

I'm on the Central Line. But anywhere away from here-

CLATTERING, OFF.

DONNA:

(INTERRUPTS) Shh!

BEX:

What?

DONNA:

(CALLING) Hello? Is someone there?

BEAT. SOMEONE ACROSS STREET RUNS OFF.

BEX:

Everyone's running scared.

DONNA:

Come on.

THEY ENTER STATION, DOWN SOME FEW STEPS. CONTINUE INTO:

22. INT. UNDERGROUND STATION (CONTINUOUS)

DONNA AND BEX ENTER EMPTY STATION, ECHOING FOOTSTEPS.

DONNA:

No-one here. No guards. No passengers. Not even buskers.

BEX:

Be grateful for small mercies.

RUMBLE OF TRAINS BELOW.

DONNA:

Trains. We can still get out of here.

BEX:

(WALKING ACROSS STATION) What's it say on the information board? The screens are all dead.

DONNA:

(WALKS OVER, READS) Central and circle good service. Then. Oh.

BEX KNOCKS ON TICKET OFFICE WINDOW.

BEX:

(CALLING) Hello! Shop? (TO DONNA) What's it say?

DONNA:

Nothing. Really, nothing. Someone having a laugh.

BEX WALKS OVER.

BEX:

(READING) 'Get out. Get out if you want to live. They're coming.'

ESCALATOR CLUNKS AND STARTS MOVING AS DONNA APPROACHES.

BEX:

What's that?

DONNA:

Just the escalator... Listen. I'm sure whoever wrote that... They were panicking. Exaggerating. Come on. The ticket-gates are open.

RUMBLE OF TRAINS BELOW GROUND.

DONNA:

There you go! Someone down there is still driving the trains. There must be more like us, not gone the full zombie yet.

BEX:

So where are they?

DONNA:

(WALKING ON THROUGH GATES) This way, Bex. We'll find out.

BEX:

(STOPPING) Wait. I don't know if I... can.

DONNA:

Walk through the gate. They're hardly gonna fine you!

BEX:

(SQUEEZING UNCOMFORTABLY PAST GATES) No, it's not that... They're going to close on me... trap me!

ANOTHER TRAIN APPROACHES BELOW.

DONNA:

Come on! There's another one. Maybe they're moving people out to safety?

BEX:

But the stairs... the moving stairs...

DONNA:

(SOTTO) Oh no. Not you too... (TO BEX) Hold my hand. Temps united, right?

BEX:

(SCARED WHISPER) But they're alive. The stairs are alive...

DONNA:

It's all in your mind, Bex. That was just a ticket gate, and this is just an escalator. It's supposed to move. Come on. Remember your nan?

BEX:

I can't.

DONNA:

Here. Hold my hand. Close your eyes. Now step forward.

BEX:

(WALKING FORWARD) Don't let go, will you Donna?

DONNA:

(LEADING HER) No. I won't.

BEX STEPS ONTO ESCALATOR WITH DONNA AND THEY DESCEND.

23. INT. TECHNOLOGY MUSEUM, EXHIBITION HALL

WHIRRING AND CLUNKING OF ROBOTIC EXHIBITS — VEG CHOPPING, PAINTING, PING-PONG — AS DOCTOR LEADS JILL THROUGH.

DOCTOR:

You designed half this stuff. You and people like you. Visionaries. People who join the dots in your mind. Who understand what people need before they know it themselves. That'd be a tragedy, if a brain like that were lost.

JILL:

(PANICKING) No. Turn it off. Turn it all off. Please!

SONIC BUZZ — EVERYTHING STOPS.

JILL:

I don't understand what you want.

DOCTOR:

All right. Back to basics it is, then. (PUTS PAPER AND PEN ON DESK) Here.

JILL:

What's this?

DOCTOR:

Paper and pen. Draw me a circuit.

JILL:

What?

DOCTOR:

Draw a simple computer circuit. I'll scan your brainwaves while you do it. (SONIC ACTIVATED)

JILL:

All right... (PICKS UP PEN, SCRAPES ON PAPER)

DOCTOR:

(CHECKING SONIC) Alpha waves up. Beta and gamma waves suppressed. You're right, Donna Noble, people are being made stupid. Changes in the cortex... connectors blocked, nerve signals confused. Until a critical point is reached and... (SONIC OFF) Pow. Super-smart to neo-Neanderthal in minutes.

JILL:

I'm sorry. I can't.

DOCTOR:

All right. Circuit's too tricky. What about a... cat. (BEAT) No? A straight line then. Draw me a straight line.

JILL:

No. (CLICKING PEN) I don't know how this drawing stick works.
(DROPS PEN) How... it... (WOOZY, ALMOST FAINTING)

DOCTOR:

(SUPPORTING HER) Jill? Stay with me.

JILL:

Don't. Know. What... this?

DOCTOR:

Jill! (USES SONIC AGAIN)

JILL:

What... this... thing?

DOCTOR:

Technological devolution. I'm watching your neural oscillation failing! But what's the catalyst...?

SONIC FIZZES AND STOPS.

DOCTOR:

No! Don't stop now! Just when we're getting somewhere! (RATTLES SONIC) What's wrong with you?

24. INT. CORRIDOR BETWEEN UNDERGROUND PLATFORMS

SOUND OF TRAIN RUNNING.

DONNA:

That's both platforms! Where's the train?

BEX:

Donna. There's no-one here. There are no trains. We should go.

LIGHTS FIZZ.

BEX:

What's happening to the lights!

DISTANT CRUNCH OF KOGGNOSENTI FOOTSTEPS IN TUNNEL APPROACHING THROUGH.

DONNA:

Hang on. There's something coming.

BEX:

Down the tunnel. Are those... headlights? They're red...

DONNA:

That's not a train.

BEX:

No. It's too slow...

DONNA:

And it's lots of somethings... Bex! You were right.

BEX:

What are those things?

DONNA:

Doesn't matter. Run!

THEY RUN BACK THROUGH CORRIDOR AWAY FROM APPROACHING KOGGNOSENTI, TOWARDS ESCALATORS. ELECTRIC SHUTTERS ON UPPER LEVEL START CLOSING.

DONNA:

The station shutters are closing! The escalator's still coming down. We're just gonna have to run up it!

BEX:

(FROZEN, SCARED) I can't.

KOGGNOSENTI'S HEAVY FOOTSTEPS CLIMBING ONTO PLATFORM, OFF.

KOGGNOSENTI :

(OFF, DISTANT) Humans! Do not run!

DONNA :

Doesn't that lot change your mind? Come! On!

ESCALATOR STOPS WITH A CLUNK.

DONNA :

Hang on...

ESCALATOR STARTS MOVING AGAIN.

KEVIN :

(FROM ABOVE) Hey! You two! I've got the up escalator working!

BEX :

Donna. I can't. It's unnatural.

DONNA :

Bex. You are getting on the magic stairs with me. Or I'll see to it you never do admin in this town again! (CALLING) Oi you! Muscles! Come and help.

KEVIN :

(BRACING HIMSELF AGAINST SHUTTER, OFF) I'm trying to keep the shutters open!

KOGGNOSENTI :

(OFF, GETTING CLOSER) Remain where you are!

DONNA :

Bex. Grab my hand!

BEX :

Go, Donna. One of us needs to. And I just... can't. (EFFORT AS SHE SHOVES DONNA)

DONNA :

(FALLS ONTO ESCALATOR, CRIES OUT) What are you doing?

KEVIN :

(STRAINING AGAINST SHUTTER, CALLING) Come on if you're coming! Don't want a dislocated shoulder for nothing!

DONNA :

(GETTING CARRIED UP ESCALATOR) No! Bex! Get here now!

FOLLOW DONNA'S POV UP ESCALATOR AWAY FROM BEX.

BEX:

(CALLING, AS DONNA MOVES AWAY) Get the Doctor! I'll... find out what we're dealing with.

KOGGNOSENTI:

(APPROACHING FROM OFF) Do not run. We require test subjects.

BEX:

(OFF) Test subjects? That means 'alive', right?

KOGGNOSENTI:

(CLOSING IN) We are Koggnossenti. You know nothing!

BEX:

(SCREAMS)

CROSS TO:

25. INT. UNDERGROUND STATION (CONTINUOUS)

BEX'S SCREAM, OFF, AS DONNA SCRAMBLES UNDER SHUTTERS.

DONNA:

We've got to go back! We can't just leave her!

KEVIN:

No time, love. Come on! Out!

KEVIN SHOVES DONNA OUTSIDE, FOLLOWS AND ROLLS CLEAR. SHUTTERS SLAM CLOSED BEHIND THEM.

DONNA:

(HAMMERS ON SHUTTER) Bex! We're coming back, d'you hear! We're coming back!

KEVIN:

Sorry about your mate. This is the fifth station I've checked. First one with any people.

DONNA:

What? What are you talking about? Who are you?

KEVIN:

I went on shift at Liverpool Street. But there was no-one there. Then they started coming. Them... things in the tunnels. I don't suppose you can tell me what the hell's going on?

DONNA:

No. But I know a man who can.

26. INT. TECHNOLOGY MUSEUM, EXHIBITION HALL

METRONOME TICKING

DOCTOR:

Watch the needle. Back and forth. Remember the rhyme, Jill? It'll keep you calm. (SOTTO) And that's all I can do.

JILL:

Thing. Nice... thing. (HUMS 'POP GOES THE WEASEL' UNDER FOLLOWING)

DOCTOR:

You're losing language too. The ability to interpret systems. To understand. Someone's rolling back your brain's evolutionary clock. But how? And who?

SONIC FIZZES INTERMITTENTLY. DOCTOR RATTLES IT.

DOCTOR:

Agh! If only I could see what was going on in there. What's causing it...

JILL:

(STOPS MID-HUM, WHISPERS) I know... no...thing (GASPS, SLUMPS)

DOCTOR:

(CLICKS FINGERS) Jill! Stay with me! Jill? (BEAT) Gone. I'm sorry. But I'll get you back. Somehow.

RUNNING FOOTSTEPS OUTSIDE.

DONNA:

(JUST OFF) Doctor!

DOCTOR:

Donna! In here!

KEVIN AND DONNA ENTER.

DOCTOR:

Let me guess. Public transport crisis?

JILL:

(GASPS)

KEVIN:

You're a doctor? (BEAT, SEES JILL) What's wrong with her?

DOCTOR:

Still working it out.

DONNA:

Still? I thought you'd have it sorted by now. Look at Jill. She's catatonic.

DOCTOR:

At least she's alive. (LYING JILL DOWN) She's helped all she can for now.

KEVIN:

Seen loads like that around town. Houses. Offices. Pubs. Some of 'em hiding under tables. Sitting. Staring. Afraid to move.

DONNA:

This is Kevin. He's a train driver.

KEVIN:

Kevin Jones. Afternoon.

DOCTOR:

Jones the Steam, eh? That's nice but-

DONNA:

He saved me. With his muscles.

DOCTOR:

Saved you? From what? Thank you, by the way.

KEVIN:

No worries.

DONNA:

There are things down in the Underground, Doctor. Alien things.

DOCTOR:

Often the way with alien things. They do love a tunnel. What did they look like?

DONNA:

Spindly fingers. Giant heads. Red eyes. You know, alien-y!

KEVIN:

Just tell me – what's happening?

DOCTOR:

(HEADING FOR DOORS) You're right, Kevin. I am a Doctor, and it's high time I made a diagnosis. (STOPS) Hold on. Where's Bex?

27. INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL

RUMBLING TRAINS B/G. BEX BEING MARCHED ALONG THROUGH FOLLOWING.

BEX:

(SCARED) Who are you? What are you doing here?

KRAN:

We are the Koggnosenti. Your world will be ours. (STOPPING)
Wait! We have more samples.

MORE PEOPLE BROUGHT INTO TUNNEL BY OTHER KOGGNOSSENTI. RANGE OF REACTIONS. CRIES OF TERROR, WHIMPERING. A FEW CALL OUT 'What's happening? Who are you? Let us go!'

BEX:

What do you want with us?

KRAN:

You will aid our testing. Analysis. Improvement.

BEX:

Like some kind of experiment?

KRAN:

(CURIOUS) You retain more neural competence than these others.

BEX:

Neural... what? If you mean I'm not a quivering wreck, then yes. I've got neural competence.

KRAN WAVES BUZZING DEVICE IN FRONT OF HER.

BEX:

What's that? Get it away from me!

KRAN:

You have had less contact, but my signal enhancements are compensating. (CHECKING READINGS) Yes... Technological intolerance increasing. It will not be long.

BEX:

Not long? Till what?

KRAN:

Until you are a... 'quivering wreck'. Now, move.

KOGGNOSSENTI MOVE BEX AND OTHER PRISONERS ON.

28. EXT. LONDON STREET, BY PARK

DOCTOR, DONNA AND KEVIN WALK ALONG STREET.

KEVIN:

We tried to open the shutters, but they wouldn't budge.

DONNA:

Bex is stuck down there. We've got to go back.

DOCTOR:

We will. But we'll go back armed.

KEVIN:

You've got weapons?

DOCTOR:

Better. We'll be armed with intelligence. We only stand a chance if we know what's going on. (STOPPING, REACHING IN POCKET) Kevin. You've been recruited. (HOLDS OUT PSYCHIC PAPER)

KEVIN:

That's a blank piece of paper.

DOCTOR:

Is it? That should be an Ultra-level security warrant authorising me to enlist any and all London Underground personnel for emergency duties. Must've left it in my other suit...

DONNA:

Don't worry. Kevin's happy to help. Aren't you, Kevin?

KEVIN:

Erm... yeah. Course.

DONNA:

So where are we going?

DOCTOR:

I don't like aliens messing around with London. The most exciting city in the world. Turned into a ghost town.

TRAIN RUMBLES UNDERGROUND.

DONNA:

That's another thing...

DOCTOR:

(SETS OFF AGAIN) This way. Remember where we landed?

KEVIN:

Landed? What are you? Special Forces?

DONNA:

Very special. Keep up, Kev! (CATCHING UP WITH DOCTOR) Didn't you find anything out? You know, sonicking Jill Meadow, before she zonked out?

DOCTOR:

Whatever this is, it's changing how the human brain works. Reprogramming.

DONNA:

Kevin's brain's not affected. He's not scared of machines. But he's been here the whole time. Not like me or Bex.

DOCTOR:

Glad to see you're interested in his brain, too.

DONNA:

No, listen. I mean. Can't you scan him? See why he's not... stupid-ified?

DOCTOR:

I could...

KEVIN:

Hold up. You want to scan my brain? Will it hurt?

DONNA:

Not a big brave boy like you. I'll hold your hand. Go on, Doctor. Sonic him.

DOCTOR:

I said I could... If the sonic screwdriver hadn't stopped working.

DONNA:

It's kaput?

DOCTOR:

Psycho-active controls. Luckily, we've something with a bit more oomph parked along here. Haven't we Donna?

KEVIN:

What are you two talking about?

DONNA:

Oh yeah. Hurry up, train driver. Wait till you see this engine!

THEY HEAD INTO PARK.

29. INT. TARDIS

TARDIS INTERIOR HUM. BUZZES AND BEEPS. AFTER A MOMENT, THE EXTERIOR DOOR IS UNLOCKED AND OPENED.

DOCTOR:

(STROLLING IN) All-righty then. Come on in.

KEVIN:

(OUTSIDE) In there? But it's-

DONNA:

(OUTSIDE) I know. Trust me.

DOCTOR STRIDES TO CONSOLE, PULLING LEVERS AND SWITCHES

DOCTOR:

(CALLING) Donna, show him the way. The sooner you get inside, the sooner the TARDIS can scan your brainwaves. (USING CONTROLS) Ooh. She's already found something else... Inter-dimensional sub-wave, drawing power directly from the mains supply. There... wired in along the Tube. Junction-box 759...

DONNA:

(ENTERING) You mean they've a base down there? Plugged into the national grid?

KEVIN:

(AT DOOR) What the- What is this place?

DOCTOR:

Come on in, Kev. Let's take a look at that brain. Don't be shy. *Mi casa su ca- ca-*. (SUDDENLY FADING, GASPS) Aagh!

DONNA:

Doctor?

DOCTOR:

(FIGHTING BRAIN SHUTDOWN) *Su... casa...* No! Aagh!

DOCTOR COLLAPSES OVER CONTROLS. TARDIS WHIRS AND BEEPS IN PROTEST. DONNA RUNS UP.

DONNA:

Doctor!

KEVIN:

Is it mirrors? Is that how you're doing it??

DONNA:

(RUSHING TO DOCTOR) Never mind that now. Get your biceps over here and help me.

DOCTOR:

(GASPS, RECOVERING) Donna... Donna. Is that you?

DONNA:

Course it's me. What are you doing on the floor?

DONNA AND KEVIN LIFT DOCTOR.

DOCTOR:

(STRUGGLING) Got to get out... She's too much.

DONNA:

What?

DOCTOR:

The TARDIS. (GASPS) Too much for my mind...

DONNA:

Doctor. You're not making sense.

DOCTOR:

I don't... understand... It's useless... (DESPERATE) You've got to get me out!

DONNA:

Doctor? You're scaring me now. (DRAGGING DOCTOR ALONG) Kevin! You heard! Help me!

KEVIN:

(HELPING CARRY DOCTOR TO DOORS) But we just got here.

DONNA:

And now we're leaving.

DONNA KICKS OPEN DOOR.

DOCTOR:

(CRY OF FRUSTRATION, GETTING HELPED OUT) Stupid Doctor! Stupid! It's not the sonic that stopped working. It's me.

30. INT. UNDERGROUND BASE

RHYTHMIC RUMBLING TRAINS B/G. WHIRRING TECHNOLOGY. SEVERAL CAPTIVE PEOPLE MOANING IN B/G. BEX AND PRISONERS DRAGGED IN.

KRAN:

Our samples for analysis, Supervisor. Secure them!

BEX:

(GETTING CLAMPED TO MACHINES) Don't put me near those machines! Please!

LOBO:

Interesting. This one still has language competence.

KRAN:

(SCANNING BEX) It had a shorter period of exposure. It was not here for our initial transmissions.

BEX:

(CRIES OUT) Leave me... alone!

LOBO:

But it responds now?

KRAN:

The mammalian brain has complex deviations. Biochemical resistance, brain patterns, genetic codes, blood type... Many factors to account for. A percentage respond slowly. An even smaller percentage are resistant.

BEX:

You're doing this? You're aliens...?

LOBO:

Silence, creature. Your biology is complicated. But we are the Koggnossenti. You know nothing. We understand everything.

BEX:

(NOT UNDERSTANDING) Riight...

KRAN:

My latest augmentation means the subjects' synaptic response is used against them. The more technically adept the brain, the quicker the shutdown.

BEX:

(GASPING) You're taking away... our minds...

LOBO:

You are better off without them. It is a kindness. Let us assume control. Our invasion is far more intelligent than those that require fighting and killing.

BEX:

(GASPING) You're making the human race stupid?

LOBO:

It is how one Koggnossenti Tech-squadron will conquer your world.

31. EXT. LONDON

DONNA AND KEVIN CARRY DOCTOR OUTSIDE TARDIS, CLOSING DOORS.

DOCTOR:

Thick... thick... stupid... Brain devolution... Got me too.

DONNA:

(HOLDING HIM) What? Doctor, what's happened to you?

DOCTOR:

Can't remember. (GASPS) Swimming in fog... a real peasouper... Agh!
(COLLAPSES)

DONNA:

Doctor!

KEVIN:

Will you tell me what we just walked out of?

DONNA:

An alien spaceship. This alien's spaceship.

KEVIN:

Hang on. He's an alien? He looks like he works in... you know, menswear.

DOCTOR:

(PANTING) Agh... No... Keep... a clear... head.

DONNA:

He's an alien all right. And if the Doctor's lost his marbles, then we're stuffed.

KEVIN:

I thought those were aliens chasing you in the station.

DONNA:

Yeah, they were too. But the Doctor's the good kind. Keep up.

KEVIN:

Did he say they've a base down in the Underground?

DONNA:

That's what the TARDIS thinks. So why keep the trains running?

KEVIN:

You what? There's been no trains for hours. Not since first thing.

DONNA:

But I've been hearing them all day. Shh.

RUMBLE OF UNDERGROUND TRAIN.

DOCTOR:

(RECOVERING) Sound. Sound waves. Yes!

DONNA:

Doctor?

DOCTOR:

(STRUGGLING THROUGH BRAINFOG) Reprogramming minds. Restructuring. Brain interacts with environment. Gah! Infrasound!

KEVIN:

He's gone gaga.

DONNA:

No. No, he's not. Doctor? You're all right?

DOCTOR:

(GETTING UP, SPEECH IS AN EFFORT) Shutting off higher brain functions, so I can walk... talk. Running on instinct. Holding onto language... it's an effort. Gah! Sorry. Might get a bit... incoherent.

DONNA:

No change there, then. You can move, at least. Where to?

THEY SET OFF ALONG STREET.

DOCTOR:

Must've been happening for days. Weeks... Uploading new software. Direct to the brain. Embedded in sound.

DONNA:

What can we do?

DOCTOR:

Underground! Donna... You've got to help me... think!

DONNA:

Me? How do I switch your super-brain back on? (CONSIDERING) Hang on. Kevin, he's right. We're going back to the tunnels.

KEVIN:

But the shutters. They're locked. We can't open them.

DONNA:

Yeah, but remember what's outside? Roadworks...

32. EXT. OUTSIDE UNDERGROUND

JCB DIGGER REVVING.

DONNA:

(OVER NOISE) I have always — always! — wanted to drive one of these!

KEVIN:

Back a bit! Now, forward!

DOCTOR:

Big... yellow... noisy. Scoopy-diggy front-bit... What do they call those things?

DONNA RAMMING SHUTTERS WITH DIGGER.

DONNA:

Woo-hoo!

JCB CRUMPLES PARKING METER

DONNA:

Oooh. Was that a parking meter? Shame.

KEVIN:

Back up. Try again!

JCB BACKS AWAY

DOCTOR:

Hurry up! Kevin. Gah! You can use... um... twisty-turny?

KEVIN:

What?

DOCTOR:

(WITH EFFORT) Screwdrivers!?

KEVIN:

I've a couple of ratchet sets. But they're at home.

DOCTOR:

No, borrow mine. Here. (PASSES HIM SONIC) Point and think. Donna's got a plan. (CALLING) What's the plan Donna?

DONNA:

(CALLING FROM CAB, JUST OFF) Get this open. Head underground. Those aliens were collecting samples. Stands to reason, they're taking them to a secret base. Wherever they're keeping this 'stupid-machine'. (REVS ENGINE) Ready! Again?

KEVIN:

One more should do it. One... Two... Three!

DONNA DRIVES JCB INTO SHUTTERS AND SMASHES THROUGH. TWISTING METAL FALLS AS SHE REVERSES.

KEVIN:

They're open. Now what?

DOCTOR:

I wander in. Get caught. Find the 'stupid-machine'. You turn it off.

KEVIN:

How?

DOCTOR:

With a train. (ENTERS STATION, CALLING) Listen to Donna!

DOCTOR CLIMBS OVER WRECKED SHUTTERS AND ENTERS UNDERGROUND STATION.

KEVIN:

A train? (BEAT, CALLING) Isn't there a switch?

DONNA TURNS OFF JCB ENGINE, GETS OUT AND COMES OVER.

DONNA:

Right, Mr Muscles. He told you my plan?

KEVIN:

Kind of...

DONNA:

My plan remember. Not his. Well, I'm kind of relying on him to take over at the halfway point... but it's my basic idea.

KEVIN:

You feeling all right?

DONNA:

Bit woozy. Probably headrush from driving that bulldozer. Thing is, I'm not much of a gadget-freak to begin with so it'll be hard to tell... But we should get going.

THEY HEAD INTO STATION, CLAMBERING OVER BROKEN SHUTTERS.

KEVIN:

Your fella, is he? The Doctor?

DONNA:

No! I'm available. I mean, I'm single. Unattached. We're not a couple. No. But... no.

33. INT. UNDERGROUND BASE

B/G RHYTHMIC RUMBLING TRAINS. KOGGNOSENTI MARCH IN MORE PEOPLE, MOANING INCOHERENTLY. WHIRRING BEEPING MACHINERY.

LOBO:

More human samples. Scan them.

BEX:

Nnng. Thing... What...? Thing?

KRAN:

Language. The last system placed beyond reach.

LOBO:

Your final analysis, Science Overseer?

KRAN:

Our infrasound is beyond auditory perception for an insignificant number. The program cannot upload. Eliminate them directly, and risk is negligible.

LOBO:

Then we can proceed. Take this city. It will give us a hub to transmit the signal planet-wide.

DOCTOR:

(BREAKING RANKS FROM PRISONERS) Ooh. I wouldn't do it like that.

LOBO:

What is this? You are a competence sample!

DOCTOR:

(EFFORT TO SPEAK) I'm the Doctor... just about. I'm guessing you don't have a valid ticket for travel on the Underground today.

KRAN:

(SCANNING DOCTOR) You are different.

DOCTOR:

You spotted that. Well done you.

KRAN:

Non-human. But with a particularly rapid synaptic response.

DOCTOR:

Always happy to take a compliment. Even from you.

KRAN:

Ah... Your high level brain function means our program has taken hold quickly.

DOCTOR:

(STRAINED) Yeah. Just a bit.

LOBO:

Yet you resist. This causes you pain.

DOCTOR:

(GASPS) Again. Bingo-bongo.

KRAN:

It is also pointless. Observe his brain patterns, Supervisor.
(SCANS)

DOCTOR:

Haven't much time. Won't be long before I lose... thingie. Words...
Language. What you've done's impressive, I admit.

LOBO:

Thank you. Remove a civilisation's access to its own
technology, its capacity to resist is eliminated.

DOCTOR:

Impressive... but I can't allow it.

LOBO:

Ha! You can do nothing!

COMMOTION AS KOGGNOSENTI ARRIVES OUTSIDE, DRAGGING DONNA IN.

KOGGNOSENTI:

Leader. Another human. In the tunnels. It has language.

DONNA:

(STRUGGLING) I'll give you language.

KRAN:

Interesting. You wish to engage?

DONNA:

(BREAKING FREE) Too right I wish to engage. I wish to engage my
fist and your...

DOCTOR:

(GRABBING HER) Donna! Easy now!

DONNA:

Sorry, Doctor. I was trying to get out and I forgot how doors
worked. Looks like their stupid-machine finally got me too.
(SOTTO) Here. Brought your wotsit. (HANDS HIM SONIC)

KRAN:

It is inevitable. Ninety-nine point two percent of the population are susceptible. The rest will be terminated.

LOBO:

Those are acceptable parameters. Secure them for analysis.

DOCTOR AND DONNA DRAGGED AND CLAMPED TO MACHINES. RUMBLING OF ONE TRAIN LOUDER AND CLOSER UNDER FOLLOWING.

DONNA:

Bex!

BEX:

Who..? Who... you?

LOBO:

While it is a curiosity to meet an alien interloper, you will not interfere with our plans.

DOCTOR:

Wanna bet?

BEX:

Donna... Remember. You... Donna.

DONNA:

(SOTTO) That's it, Bex. Temps united. Remember Kevin? Remember the big butch train driver?

LOUDER TRAIN GETS CLOSER.

LOBO:

That is not our infrasound signal. What is happening?

DOCTOR:

Ninety-nine percent. You said.

DONNA:

Meet the one percent, sunshine.

CROSS TO:

34. INT. TRAIN CAB IN TUNNEL

UNDERGROUND TRAIN DRIVING ALONG. KEVIN SETTING CONTROLS.

KEVIN:

That's it! Safeties cancelled. A once-over from the Doctor's gizmo, I can do all sorts that's not allowed! (PULLING HANDLES) Jump the tracks by junction-box 759... whack right into that alien cabling... (PATTING CONTROLS) Sorry, darling... but Ultra security need us to do our duty...

TRAIN ACCELERATES, RATTLES. KEVIN OPENS DOOR TO CARRIAGES.

KEVIN:

(RUNNING) Right. Reckon I can make three carriages before she hits. Should be far enough...

KEVIN RUNS THROUGH CARRIAGE, OPENS DOORS AT OTHER END, RUNS ON. ENGINE SPEEDS ON, BRAKES START SCREECHING.

CROSS BACK TO:

35. INT. UNDERGROUND BASE (CONTINUOUS)

SCREECHING BRAKES AS TRAIN CRASHES INTO POWER JUNCTIONS, OFF.
EXPLOSION, OFF.

DOCTOR:

Jones the Steam. Right on cue!

ALARMS, THEN POWER DOWN AS KOGGNOSENTI SYSTEMS DIE.

KRAN:

Power failure! All systems!

DOCTOR:

And I'm back in the room!

LOBO:

Do not simply stand there, Science Overseer Kran! Investigate!
All of you!

KRAN:

(HURRYING OFF) Yes, Leader.

DONNA:

(CLOSE) Doctor. We're still clamped in!

DOCTOR:

(CLOSE) Yeah, but Donna, these clamps don't have any power.

DONNA AND DOCTOR PUSH OPEN RESTRAINTS.

DONNA:

(COVERING) I knew that. Come on, you lot. Move!

DONNA HELPS PEOPLE OUT OF RESTRAINTS.

BEX:

I... can speak... I can think!

DOCTOR:

I know! Brilliant, isn't it? All right, Bex with an X, put those people skills to use and get this lot out. (USING SONIC)
Hello brain! How've you been? Little bit fuzzy, but clear as crystal now. Bright, sunny morning after a dark and stormy night.

BEX:

Come on you lot. Out! That way! (HEADING OUT) Donna, you coming?

DONNA:

Right behind you! Doctor, we need to get a shift on.

DOCTOR:

(USING SONIC ON KOGGNOSENTI MACHINERY) Yeah, this all looks pretty straightforward.

LOBO:

(APPROACHING) Prisoners! Do not move!

DOCTOR:

Or what? You've nothing you can threaten us with right now. Except shouting.

MORE KOGGNOSENTI RETURN.

LOBO:

Koggnossenti! Block the exits. Do not let any more samples escape!

DOCTOR:

Is that what you call yourselves? Koggnossenti? Very droll. If there's one thing I don't like, it's a know-all.

DONNA:

Ha!

DOCTOR:

(WARNING) Donna...

DONNA:

What now? They might not have spaceguns, but I don't like the look of those spindly fingers.

DOCTOR:

(USING SONIC) Let's see. Your tech's based around neural systems. Big brain cavities. Must be a pain finding hats that fit. And what else? Ah. Transdimensional technology.

LOBO:

Move away from our machines!

DOCTOR:

(SONIC OFF, BACKING AWAY) All right, all right, big fella. Can't blame a fellow scientist for having a nose around.

POWER-UP AS SYSTEMS COME BACK ON-LINE.

KRAN:

(VIA COMMS) Supervisor? Power is restored. Our psionic communications are active.

LOBO:

(ANNOYED) I can hear that, Kran! (TO DOCTOR) Now I do have something to threaten you. Instant neural termination. (BUZZING WEAPON)

DONNA:

Like Brian.

DOCTOR:

Like Brian. Ah well. All right. We surrender.

COMMS ALERT.

LOBO:

(USING COMMS) Science Overseer. Report.

CROSS TO:

36. INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL (CONTINUOUS)

WRECKED TRAIN SPARKING, WRECKAGE SHIFTING. KOGGNOSENTI SHIFTING IT FROM POWER SUPPLY.

KRAN:

The damage was superficial. A tunnel transport collided with the power coupling. Repairs are complete.

CROSS TO KEVIN'S POV, GETTING OUT OF CARRIAGE FURTHER BACK AND CREEPING ALONG TUNNEL.

KRAN:

(JUST OFF) I am returning now.

LOBO:

(JUST OFF, VIA COMMS) The samples that escaped are of no consequence. Once infrasound is restored, they will be rendered.. incompetent.

KEVIN:

(HIDING IN TUNNEL, SOTTO) That didn't take long. Hope you know what you're doing, Doctor.

37. INT. UNDERGROUND BASE

RUMBLING. BEEPING MACHINERY.

LOBO:

Your pathetic attempt at disruption has failed, alien!

DOCTOR:

Alien? Bit impersonal. You're not exactly local either. I told you. I'm the Doctor. And before you switch your 'stupid-machine' back on again you should really, really listen to what I've got to say.

LOBO:

I have listened enough. And I am grateful that as soon as our signal transmits, your prattling will end.

DOCTOR:

I gave you a chance to turn around and go in peace. Leave in your inter-dimensional Hubship. Don't say I didn't warn you.

DONNA:

Their inter-what?

DOCTOR:

Think about it Donna, you can't just land a spaceship in the London Underground.

DONNA:

What are you saying? They fizzled in somehow? Like the TARDIS?

DOCTOR:

Yeah. Transmat from another dimension. (BEAT) The TARDIS doesn't fizzle. It's more of a 'vworp'.

LOBO:

Silence!

DOCTOR:

See that hatchway over there with the fuzzy yellow edge? That's their Hubship. Dodgy dimensional phasing. You can see the join between one dimension and the next. Not like a TARDIS.

LOBO:

I said silence!

KRAN:

(ENTERING) Supervisor.

LOBO:

Science Overseer. Restart the signal. Maximum power.

DOCTOR:

One chance! Stop. Now. And I'll say no more about it.

EQUIPMENT HUMS AND BUZZES. B/G RUMBLING TRAINS RESTARTS.

KRAN:

Infrasound active.

LOBO:

You will say no more at all. Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Only — and I should probably have mentioned this before you switched it on — in those precious few moments back there, I managed to completely analyse your signal and pull a little bit of a switcheroo. It's now tuned to Koggnosenti neural function. Handy thing, your psionic communication network. Gave me some pointers. But I'd have worked it all out myself, given three more seconds. Nice plan, by the way, Donna.

DONNA:

Still prattling. Did you notice?

LOBO:

What?

DONNA:

And what he's saying is: your stupid-machine's backfiring.

KRAN:

(USING CONTROLS, FAILING) Supervisor Lobo... I cannot operate the controls. They are... beyond my understanding.

LOBO:

All Koggnosenti! Evacuate this station! Board the Hubship! At once!

KOGGNOSSENTI HURRIEDLY ENTER SHIP.

DOCTOR:

I suggest you all toddle off under cover. Shut yourselves in your Hubship. Oh, you're doing it already. Good idea.

HATCH CLUNKS CLOSED.

DOCTOR:

Dimensional displacement technology. Tricky stuff. You don't want to start those engines unless you know exactly what you're doing. (BEAT) Oh. I've just had a thought.

DONNA:

Does it involve running the hell out of here?

DOCTOR:

Donna Noble, you read my mind.

38. INT. KOGGNOSENTI CRAFT

BUZZING ALARMS. FOOTSTEPS ON METAL AS KOGGNOSENTI FLEE ONBOARD, PANICKING.

LOBO:

Retreat! We must remove ourselves from the infrasound. Seal the ship!

KRAN:

All Koggnosenti onboard. Competence levels still falling. We cannot escape the signal! It is on our psionic communication band. I... I do not know how to turn it off...

LOBO:

Then start the engines, Kran, before that knowledge is removed.

ENGINES POWER UP.

KRAN:

Engines on! Hyper-dimensional thrusters activated!

LOBO:

Depart! Full power! Now!

ENGINES MAKE HORRIBLE NOISES

LOBO:

Wait... Did we engage the... thing?

KRAN:

Supervisor?

LOBO:

The stabilisation... thing. To enable safe passage through the-

SHIP DESTRUCTS INTER-Dimensionally - STRANGE ECHOING, REVERBERATING EXPLOSION.

39. EXT. OUTSIDE UNDERGROUND

CONFUSED MILLING PEOPLE OUTSIDE STATION.

KEVIN:

(JUST OFF) Hey! 'Bex', right?

BEX:

Yeah. Aren't you-?

GROUND SHAKES, REVERBERATING SHIP EXPLOSION, DEEP UNDERGROUND.
DONNA AND DOCTOR HURRY FROM STATION.

KEVIN:

What the-

DOCTOR:

(ARRIVING) Don't worry. Just the Koggnossenti Hubship imploding sideways through hyper-dimensional space. It'll leave a bit of a hole, but most of the damage will be six or seven dimensions along.

BEX:

Donna! You're safe! What happened?

DONNA:

(ARRIVING) Let's just say... power station blow-out. No casualties. (BEAT) Not down there at any rate.

KEVIN:

How do we explain... everything else?

DOCTOR:

You'll be surprised how little people choose to remember. Sorry to run, but I need to check on someone. (HURRIES OFF)

DONNA:

(CALLING) I'll catch you up! (TO BEX AND KEVIN) You two all right?

BEX:

Think so.

CARS STARTING UP. BEEPING HORNS.

BEX:

Looks like we're remembering how everything works.

KEVIN:

Some of us didn't forget.

DONNA:

Less than one percent, right? Makes you special, Kev.

KEVIN:

Dunno about that...

BEX:

(GASP OF REALISATION) I can call gran!

DONNA:

She'll be fine. Told you the Doctor would sort it.

KEVIN:

Donna. Good plan.

DONNA:

And you, muscles, nice driving. Kev's a train driver. You like travelling. You two should get to know each other. Bex, remember the temping code.

BEX:

Keep going till something sticks, right?

DONNA:

That, and always invoice for the full day. Double time for the end of the world. Right. Better find the spaceman. No knowing what he'll get up to 'in the community'. (DEPARTS) See ya!

KEVIN:

Bye Donna!

BEX:

Bye! (BEAT) So, Kev. Trains to Paris? Guess you get a discount?

40. INT. TECHNOLOGY MUSEUM, FOYER

SONIC ACTIVATING MORE AND MORE WHIRRING ROBOTS, OFF INSIDE EXHIBITION HALL. JILL GETS UP FROM SOFA AND WALKS TOWARDS HALL.

JILL:

Hello? Is someone there?

DOCTOR:

(ENTERING FROM HALL) Jill Meadow, you're awake! How's the brain? Firing on all cylinders?

DONNA HURRYING IN FROM STREET.

JILL:

Do I know you?

DONNA:

(ARRIVING, BREATHLESS) Sorry. He's a bit of a fan.

DOCTOR:

I think you've been overdoing it, Jill.

JILL:

I can't quite remember what went on this afternoon.

DOCTOR:

Don't worry about it. No-one will.

JILL:

I need to catch up on my emails. What have I missed?

DONNA:

You should take it easy. Unplug once in a while.

DOCTOR:

It's a lovely day. Take a stroll along the South Bank. Have an ice cream. Read a book.

THEY WALK HER THROUGH FOYER TO DOORS OPEN ONTO STREET. TRAFFIC OUTSIDE.

JILL:

I'm really terribly busy. (TAPPING DATAPAD) That's odd...

DOCTOR:

No. Just for today. You're really not.

JILL:

Silvi. Any voicemails?

SILVI:

(FX) You have zero voicemails. Zero missed calls. Zero new emails.

JILL:

Perhaps I can take an hour off...

DONNA:

That's the idea. Here let me take that.

SILVI:

(FX) I am Silvi. How can I help you today?

DONNA:

You can start by taking your little computer brain and sticking an algorithm right where-

DOCTOR:

Donna. (TAKING DATAPAD)

SILVI:

(FX) I do not understand this input.

DOCTOR:

Yeah. That's Donna, I.T. wiz. Let me. Now... how can I put this...?
(BEAT) Silvi. Off.

CLICK-BUZZ AS M-PAD SWITCHES OFF

END